



**TIM**

R.K.O.'S WESTERN STAR

# HOLT

NO. 30 10c

PLACE YOUR BETS,  
GENTLEMEN!  
YOU'RE PLAYING FOR  
**REDMASK!**



REDMASK MEETS  
"LADY DOOM  
AND THE  
DEATH WHEEL!"

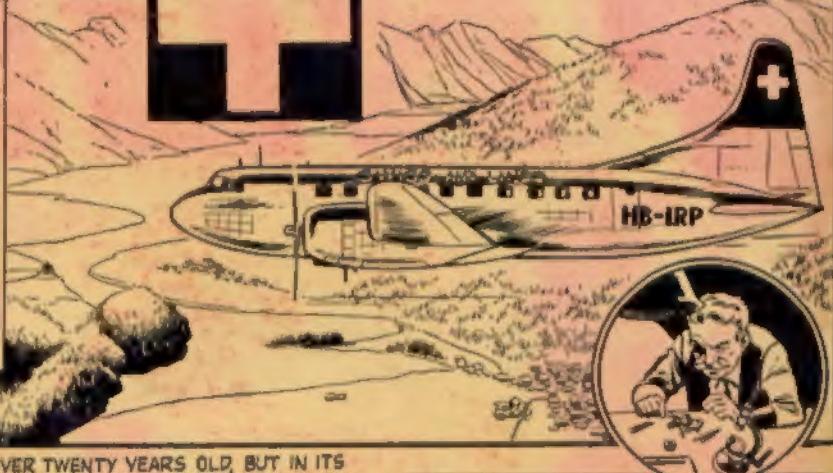
# KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

## PRECISION ROUTES

TO EVERYWHERE

**SWISSAIR**, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, MIRRORS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS, THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR MAKING AND SERVICING PRECISION PRODUCTS EQUALLED BY FEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

THE SAME TECHNICAL SKILL AND MECHANICAL APTITUDE THAT PRODUCES THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHES HAS GONE INTO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF **SWISSAIR'S** SUPERB AIR TRANSPORT SYSTEM...



AS A COMPANY **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWS ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **AD ASTRA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **BALAIR**, FOUNDED IN 1925 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1931.

**SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "ORION" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THUS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR'S** THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTESSES FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 19, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANES OVER THE ATLANTIC; AND ON JANUARY 31, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA—10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL NEW YORK AIRCRAFT—4 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES—ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.

10 HRS. 27 MIN.

GENEVA



# TIM HOLT

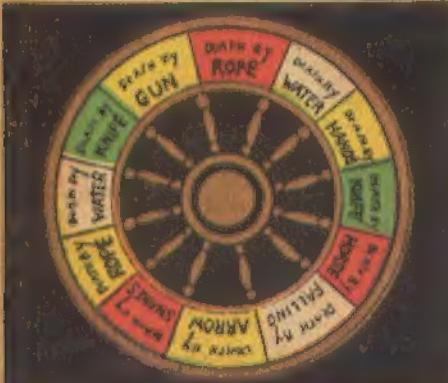
DEATH  
BY  
GUN  
EDY

IT Rattles AND SPINS AND NO MAN KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE IT WILL STOP FOR THIS IS THE WHEEL OF DEATH. AND AFTER IT IS SPUN BY THE LADY DOOM — SOME MAN DIES! AND WHEN THE LIFE OF RED MASK OF THE RIO GRANDE IS RAFFLED OFF IN A MONSTER GAMBLE — WITH MONEY LAID ACROSS THE BOARD ON THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH — THE GREAT HERO OF THE SOUTHWEST SEES HIS GRIM FATE PREDICTED ON —

## "THE DEATH WHEEL!"



THIS IS THE WHEEL ITSELF. IT IS MADE OF STRANGE WOODS FROM EGYPT AND THE FAR EAST, SANDALWOOD AND CEDAR, DECORATED WITH OPAL AND LAPIS-LAZULI. LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT WAS MADE FOR KING SOLOMON, THE RULER OF ALL THE DJINN —



THIS WOMAN IS MYSTERIOUS AND ALOOF. BY DAY SHE IS A TRICK-SHOT ARTIST AND KNIFE-THROWER, WHO HAS COME TO THE COW COUNTRY IN HER LITTLE RED AND GILT WAGON—



BY NIGHT, SHE VEILS HER EYES WITH LACE, AND HER WHITE HAND SPINS THE WHEEL, AND HER RED MOUTH TWISTS IN AN AMUSED SMILE...



STEP UP, GENTLEMEN! RISK A GOLDEN EAGLE—YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID! IT ISN'T A TRICK. BELIEVE ME! THE WHEEL KNOWS YOUR FATE!

AT FIRST MEN LOOK ASKANCE AT THE LADY DOOM AND HER WHEEL, FOR OTHERS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO TELL FORTUNES AND HAVE FAILED! BUT WHEN HANK EVERETT DIES, AS THE WHEEL FORETOLD—



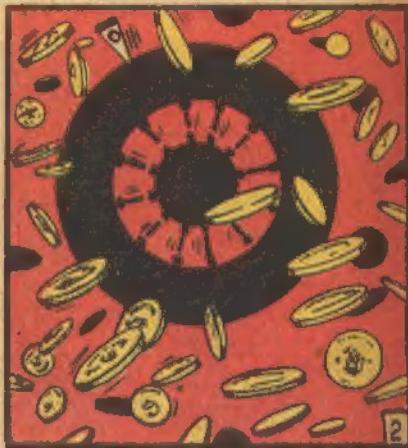
—AND WHEN PRETTY LIZ BECKETT FINDS GOLD ON HER BARREN RANCH, AS THE WHEEL SAID SHE WOULD...



—AND WHEN EVERETT MASTERS DIES WITH A DOZEN OUTLAW BULLETS IN HIS BODY—

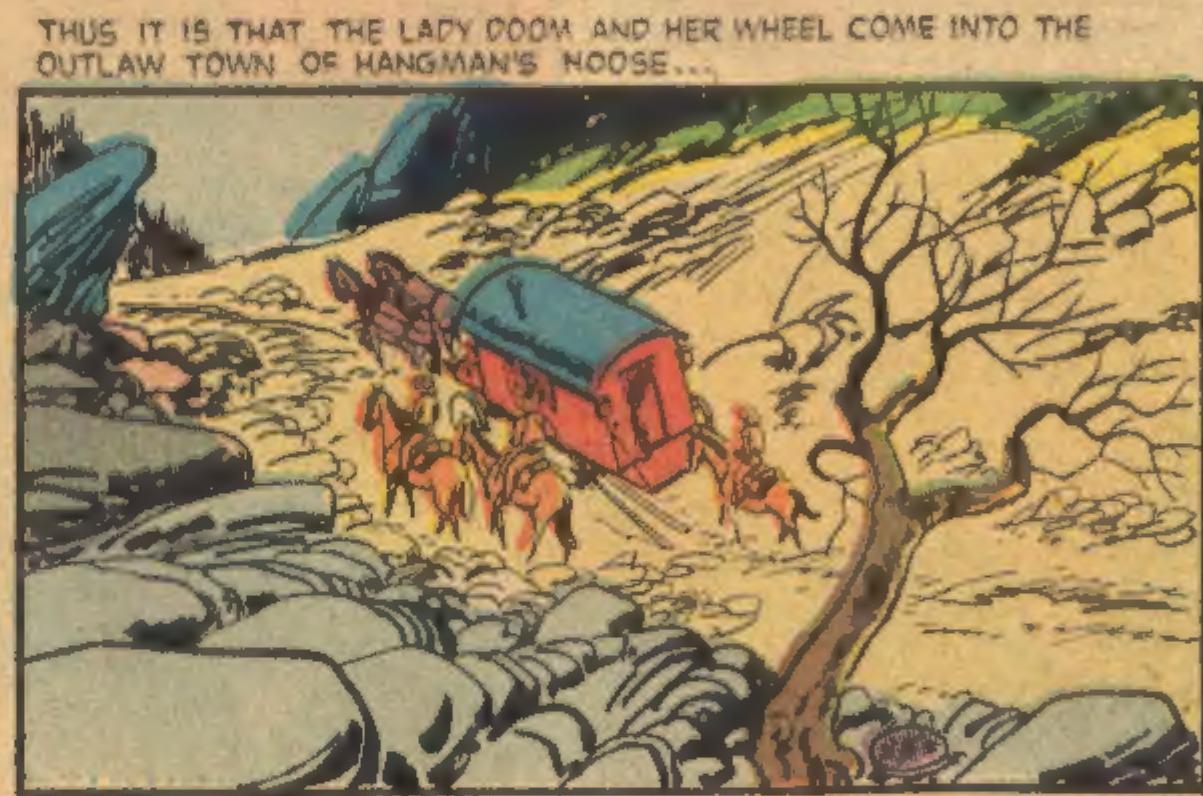
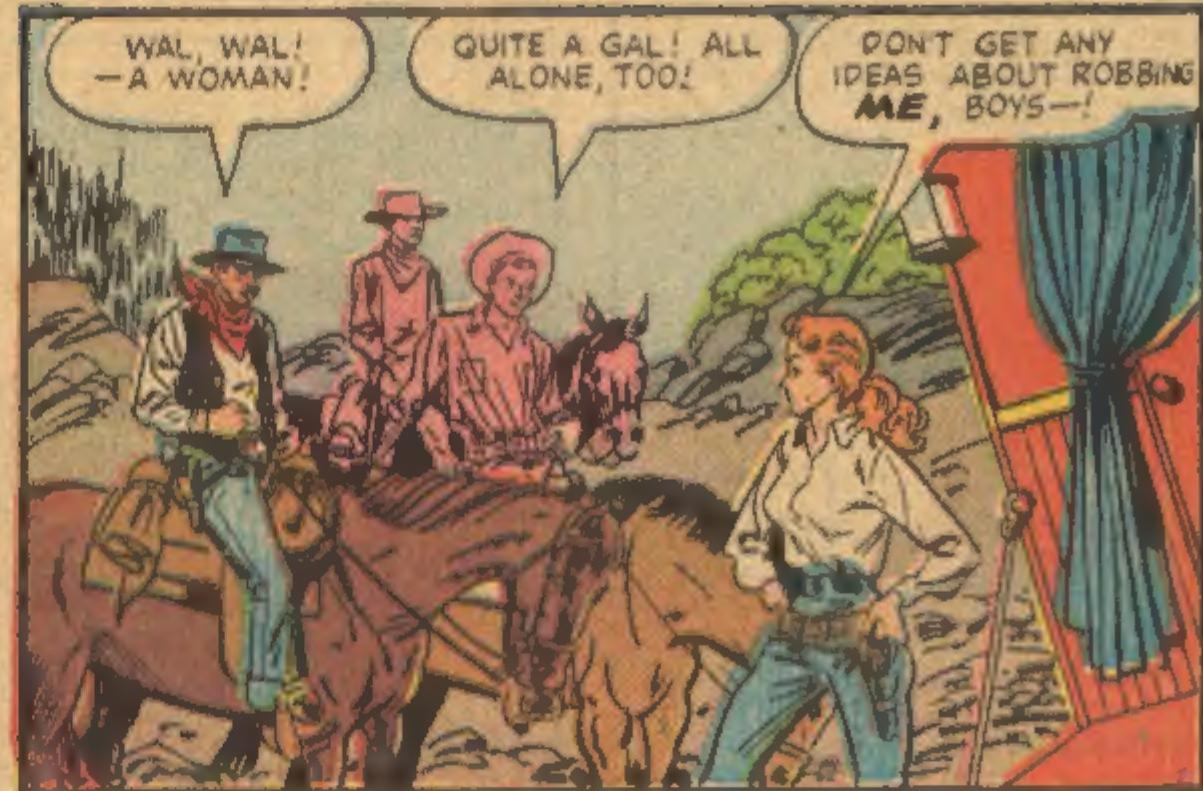


—THEN THE SILVER DOLLARS RATTLE AND ROLL ACROSS THE BOARDS OF THE WHEEL OF FATE!



# TIM HOLT

FROM EL PASO TO CHEYENNE, FROM DENVER TO DODGE CITY, TALES OF THE WHEEL SPREAD AND GROW. AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON ...



SHE SETS UP HER WHEEL AND IT Rattles and Spins the Destinies of the Hardcase Gunmen who become its steady customers ...



REDMASK! REDMASK!  
THAT'S ALL I HEAR! IS HE  
SO WONDERFUL, THEN?  
PERHAPS, IF HE FACED MY  
WHEEL OF FATE — WHO  
KNOWS? IT MIGHT FORETELL  
HIS DEATH....!



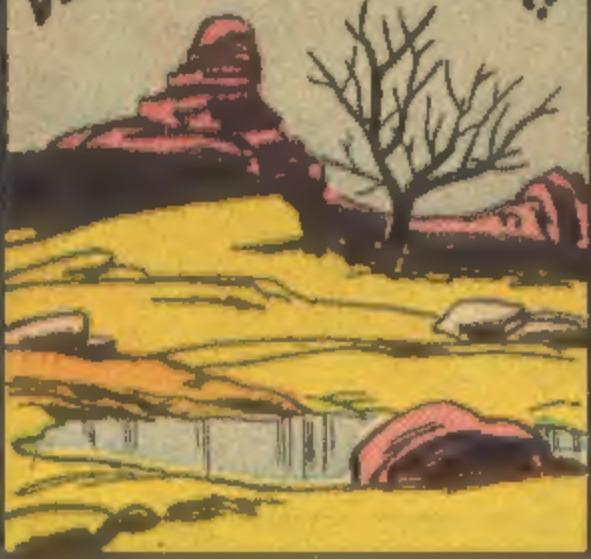
I WILL HOLD A MONSTER RAFFLE! A SWEEPSTAKES OF DEATH! THE OUTLAWS WILL BET ON THE MANNER OF REDMASK'S DEATH — AND THE WHEEL WILL SELECT THE WINNER!



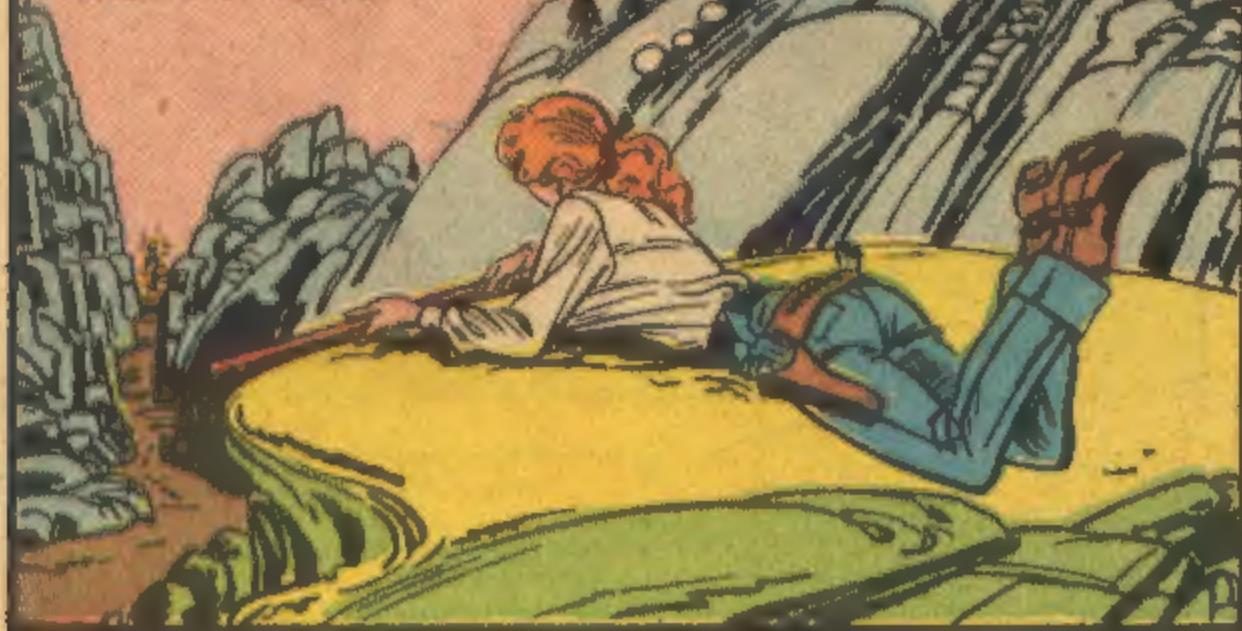
# TIM HOLT

WORD OF THE DEATH RAFFLE GOES OUT ACROSS THE DESERTS AND THE WATERHOLES, INTO THE COW COUNTRY...

DEATH TO REDMASK!



NIGHTLY THE LADY DOOM STATIONS HERSELF BY THE CANYON PASS THAT IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE OUTLAW TOWN OF HANGMAN'S NOOSE...



A MOMENTARY STING, A QUICK NUMBING OF THE SENSES - AND REDMASK CRASHES FROM THE SADDLE!



ONE MORNING AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH...

HEAR ABOUT THE RAFFLE THAT OUTLAW TOWN IS HOLDING? THEY'RE MAKING BETS ON THE WAY THAT REDMASK DIES!



MOMENTS LATER TIM HOLT DISCARDS HIS WORN, WORKADAY GARMENTS AND DONS THE CRIMSON HABIT OF—REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE!

IF SOMEONE IS TAKING BETS ON THE MANNER OF MY DYING, IT'S HIGH TIME I DREW CHIPS IN THE GAME MYSELF!



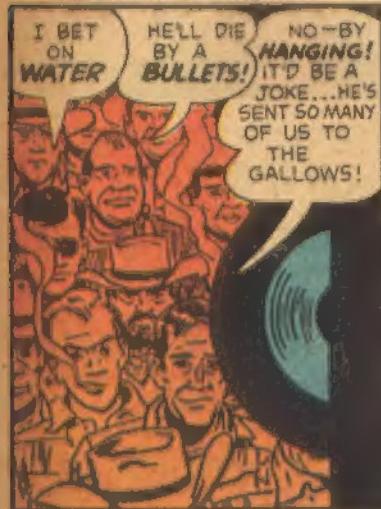
HOURS LATER, UNBELIEVING  
AND ASTOUNDED OUTLAWS  
CROWD INTO THE SALOON  
WHERE REDMASK, BOUND AND  
TIED, IS ON DISPLAY...



IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! BY THUNDER! I'VE WAITED TO SEE THE FACE UNDER THAT RED MASK FOR A LONG TIME!



EAGER VOICES CRY ASSENT—AND  
THEN ARE LIFTED AS THE FEVER  
OF GAMBLING RISES TO A HOT  
FLAME INSIDE THEM!



FOR THIS IS THE GREATEST GAMBLE  
OF THEIR LIVES, AS THEY PLAY ON  
THE DEATH OF THEIR GREATEST  
ENEMY! EVERY EYE IN THE ROOM  
RIVETS ITSELF TO THE WHEEL AS  
IT SPINS...  
[REDACTED]



STAND UP, BOYS! HERE  
HE IS — READY FOR THE  
RAFFLE! PLACE YOUR  
BETS!



AROUND AND AROUND IT SPINS!  
ITS RUBBER POINTER SLIPS  
THROUGH NOTCH AFTER NOTCH.  
THEN, THE WHEEL SLOWS...



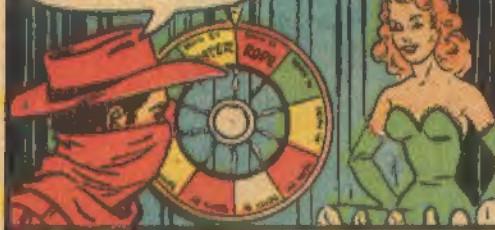
# TIM HOLT

AS REDMASK OPENS HIS EYES, THE WHEEL STOPS. ITS POINTER CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO SPACES...

THE WHEEL HAS DECIDED. IT IS NEITHER DEATH BY WATER NOR DEATH BY ROPE. I GO FREE!

NO, REDMASK! YOU DIE BY BOTH...

MOMENTS BEFORE DAWN, A CAVALCADE OF GALLOPING OUTLAWS RACE PAST A GROUP OF ABANDONED WAGONS ABOVE THE HEIGHTS OF OUTLAW TOWN...



# TIM HOLT

EVEN IF I DO WORK FREE—BEFORE I CAN GET OFF THE WHEEL, IT WOULD CATCH ME BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE CEMENT RIM OF THE WATER-TROUGH...



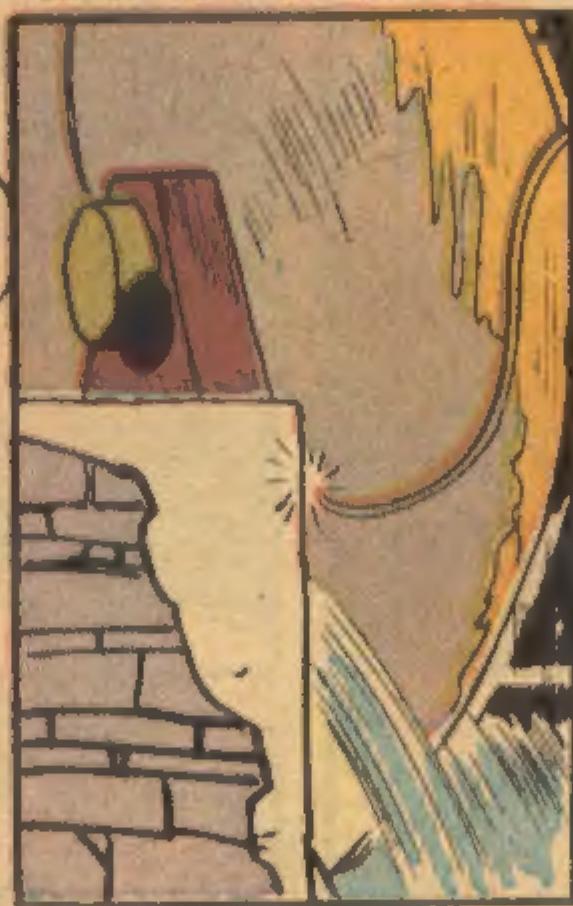
WAIT! THAT COIL OF ROPE!  
AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS  
AROUND MY NECK—THAT  
PIECE OF SLACK GETS  
**BIGGER!**



AS THE HUGE WHEEL DROPS DOWNWARD FOR A SECOND PASSAGE THROUGH THE WATER-TROUGH, AND AS THE NOOSE AROUND HIS THROAT TIGHTENS SICKENINGLY, REDMASK STRUGGLES SIDEWAYS...



BY WRIGGLING AROUND I CAN MAKE THAT SLACK EVEN LONGER—SO THAT IT HANGS OUT OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHEEL...



AS THE WHEEL DESCENDS, THE SLACK ROPE IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE EDGE OF THE CEMENT WATER-TROUGH—AND SLICED AS IF BY A KNIFE!

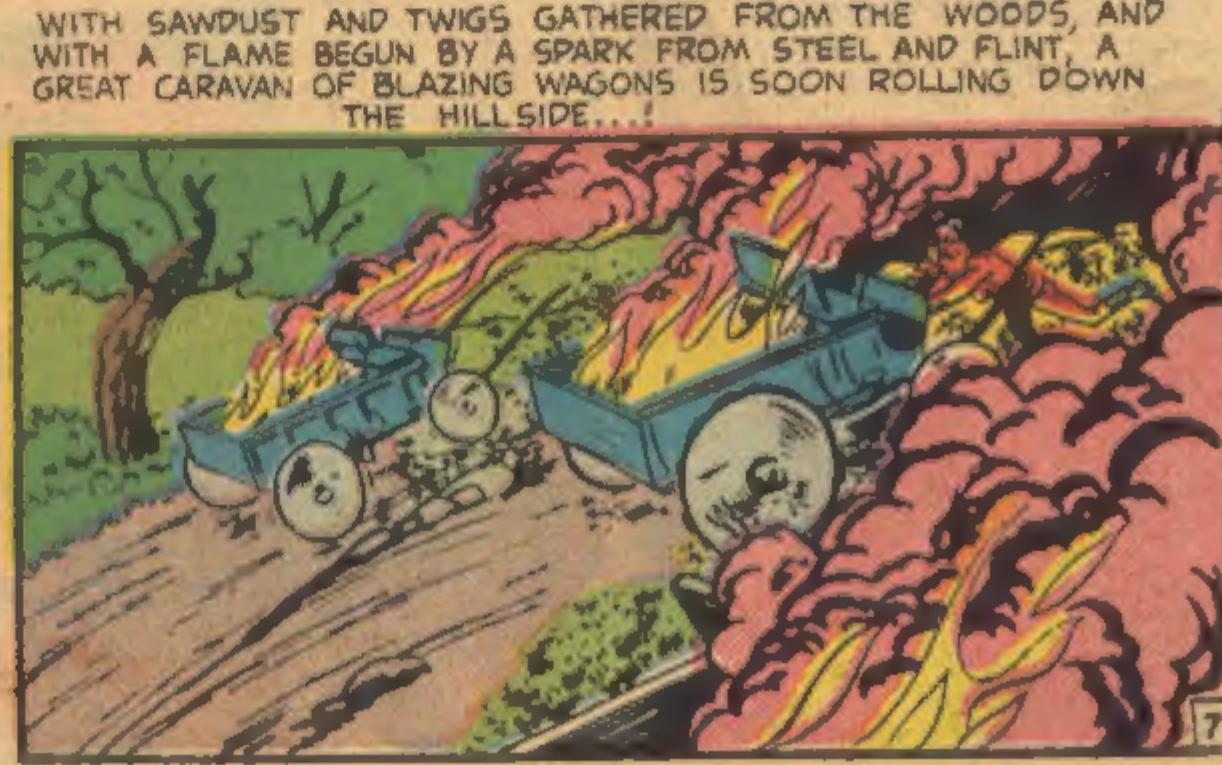
MOMENTS LATER...



ONCE THE ROPE WAS CUT, THE PARTS THAT WERE BOUND ABOUT MY THROAT CAME LOOSE. THE WHEEL SAID I'D GO FREE—AND FREE I AM!



THESE WAGONS ARE JUST WHAT I NEED...



WITH SAWDUST AND TWIGS GATHERED FROM THE WOODS, AND WITH A FLAME BEGUN BY A SPARK FROM STEEL AND FLINT, A GREAT CARAVAN OF BLAZING WAGONS IS SOON ROLLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE...

THE FIRE-WAGONS CRASH INTO THE DRY, SUN-BAKED BUILDINGS OF THE OUTLAW TOWN!



FANNED BY THE BREEZE, THE FLAMES EAT HUNGRILY AT THE WOODEN BUILDINGS! SOON THE ENTIRE TOWN IS ON FIRE, THE ONLY SAFE PLACE BEING SOME HUNDRED YARDS OUTSIDE THE TOWN LIMITS!



BUT AS THE OUTLAWS RIDE ON THEIR VENGEANCE MISSION, HIDDEN RIFLES POUR A SHEET OF FLAME AT THEIR PACKED RANKS —



SEEING DISASTER ALL AROUND HER, THE LADY DOOM FLEES WITH HER ILL-GOTTEN LOOT —



BUT HER MOUNT STUMBLES AND THROWS HER — AND THE LADY DOOM, FRANTICALLY STRIVING TO RECOVER HER BALANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE CANYON WALL, SLIPS ON THE ROLLING COINS AS THEY SPILL OUT...



FUNNY! THE VERY THING THAT CAUSED HER DEATH RESEMBLES THAT BY WHICH SHE METTED OUT DEATH TO OTHERS... FOR A COIN IS — JUST A METAL WHEEL!



IS THE LADY DOOM DEAD? OR WILL THE GREAT WHEEL OF FATE SPIN OUT AN ESCAPE FOR HER — SO THAT ONCE AGAIN, IN SOME OTHER TIME, HER TRAIL WILL ONCE MORE CROSS THAT OF RED MASK OF THE RIO GRANDE...?

THE  
END



# *Major Mars' own* **ROCKET RING**

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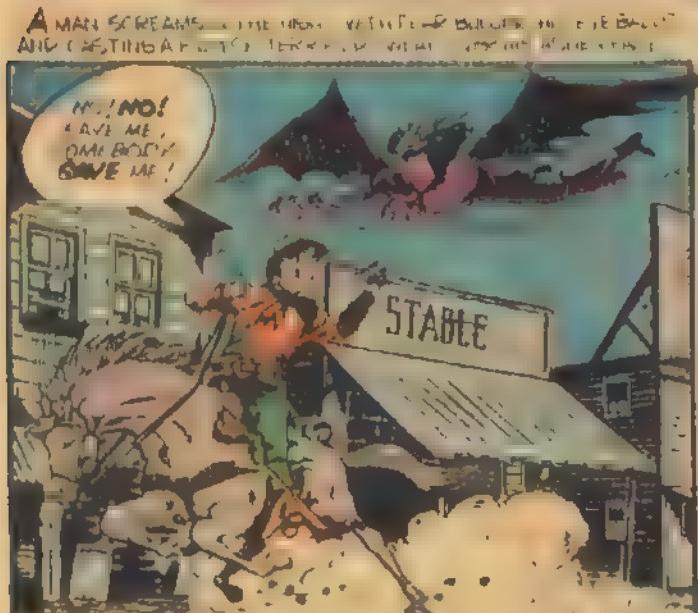
TIM HOLT

# the GHOST RIDER



THE HARPY IS A GREAT MYTH OF LEGEND. ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS, WITH NO ONE ELSE AROUND, HE FEELS TEALED. BUT WHEN THIS LEGEND COMES TO LIFE, IN THE COTTAGE WHERE HE IS STAYING, E. DORADO, THE GHOST RIDER FINDS HIMSELF PLAYING A STRUGGLE FOR HIS LIFE, AS HE BATTLES WITH THE DEMON WITHIN.

THE  
**CLAWS**  
OF  
**HORROR!**



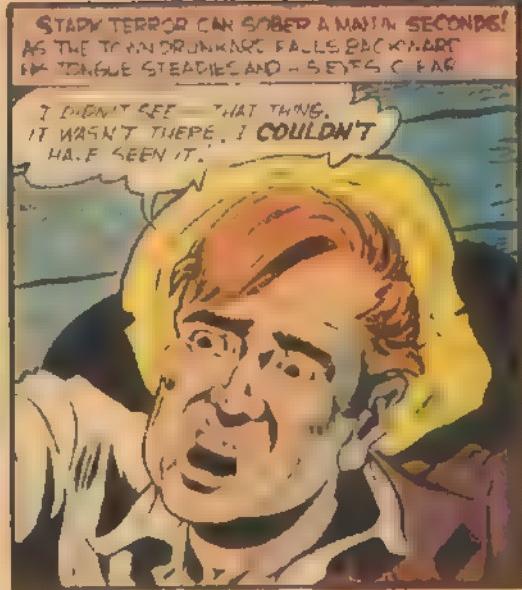
# TIM HOLT

THE TOWN DRUNK  
STAGGED FORWARD  
INTO THE SIDE DOOR

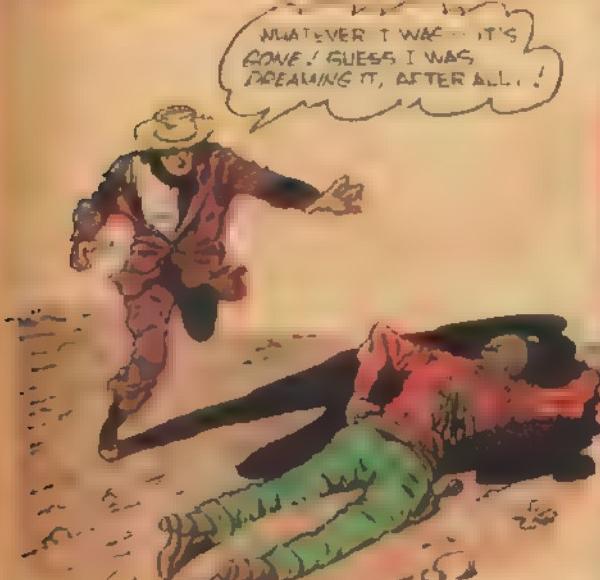
SHUMBOODY  
SHAY SHOME HAGEE  
— AAAWWWK!

STADY TERROR CAN SOBER A MAN IN SECONDS!  
AS THE TOWN DRUNK STAGGES BACKWARD  
HIS TONGUE STEADIES AND — EYES CLEAR

I DIDN'T SEE THAT THING.  
IT WASN'T THERE. I COULDN'T  
HAVE SEEN IT.



WHATEVER I WAS — IT'S  
GONE! GUESS I WAS  
DREAMING IT, AFTER ALL...!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE BACKROOM OF AN EL DORADO  
BALCOON, FOUR MEN SIT WITH FEAR SHOWING IN THEIR EYES...

SOME HAWK AT THE BAR  
AND THE WIFE OF THE  
TOWN DRUNK MARSHAL WELFORD  
EXAMINES THE EVIDENCE...

HUH? THEY ARE THE  
PRINT AND THE CLAW MARK  
IN PLASTER OF PARIS! IF IT  
WASN'T FOR THAT, I'D THINK  
THE TOWN DRUNK WAS  
GETTING THINGS!

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING —  
I PAINTED THE PLACE  
WHERE THOSE FOOT-  
PRINTS WERE — AND  
THEY ENDED IN THE PLASTER  
EARTH AS SOMEONE  
WALKED OVER  
THEM — FLINCH  
AWAY!



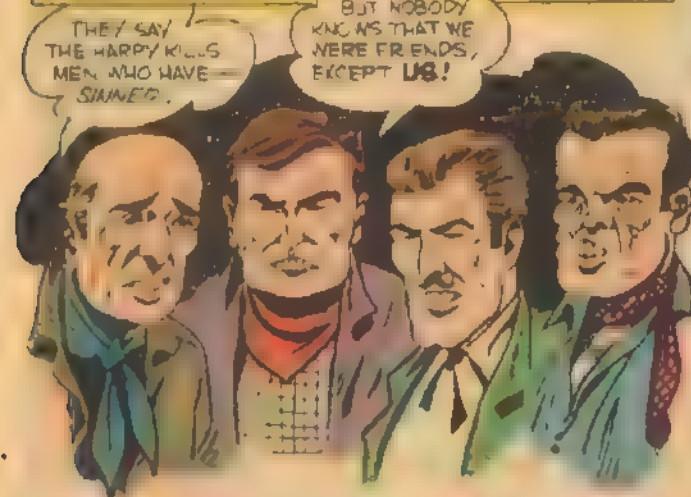
WHAT DO  
WE DO  
NOW?

SHUMBOODY KILLED ED! ONLY  
YOU KNEW WE WERE ALL  
PARTNERS!

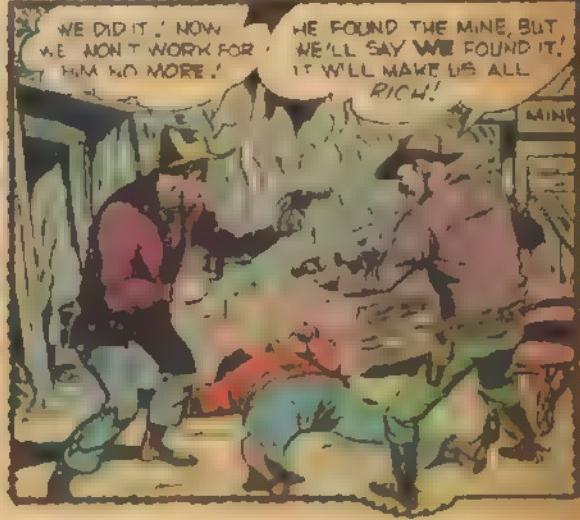


# TIM HOLT

CARL PASTORE - EL WELLES - FRANK MUGGER - TOM TISDALE -  
FOUR MEN WITH A SECRET, FOOLISH MEN WHO HAVE A REASON TO  
FEAR — THE HARPY!!



"NOBODY KNOWS THAT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, WE  
KILLED 'WILL MARTIN' —"



WE'LL BURY HIM DEEP DOWN, UNDER  
THE BOTTOM FLOOR, NOBODY WILL EVER  
FIND HIM DOWN THERE.



AND NOW FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, IT IS AS IF THE GHOST  
OF THE MURDERED 'WILL MARTIN' HAS LIFTED FROM THE GRAVE,  
DEMANDING VENGEANCE! ON HIS WAY HOME CARL PASTORE  
MEETS THE HARPY —



THEN, LOOKING BRIGHT IN THE RAYS OF  
THE SILVERY MOON, THE GHOST  
RIDER RALLIES CARL PASTORE.



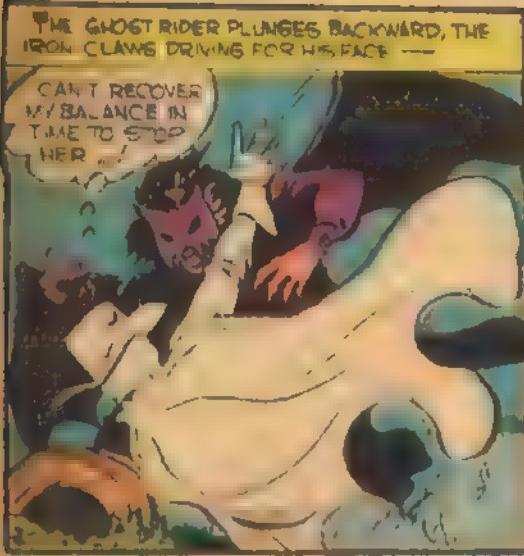
BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE, THINK  
OF EVIL. YOU MUST ANSWER TO  
THE GHOST RIDER!



SUDDENLY HIS FOOT TWISTS  
ON A LISE STONE!

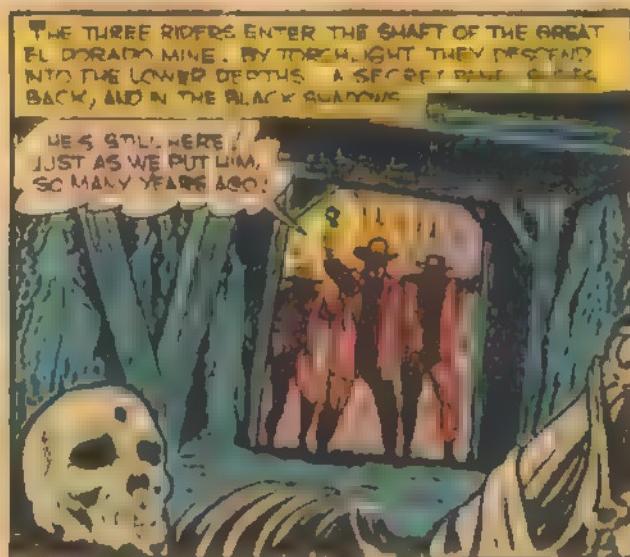
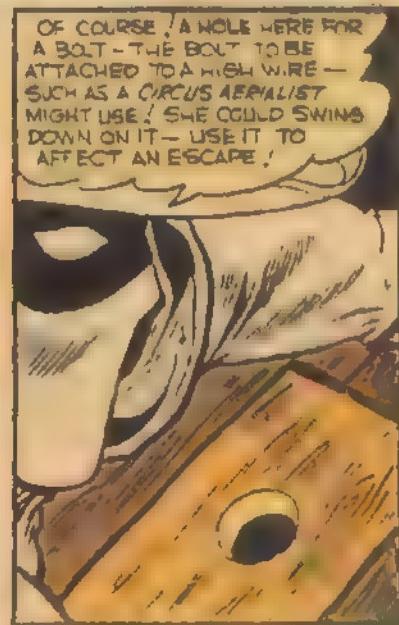
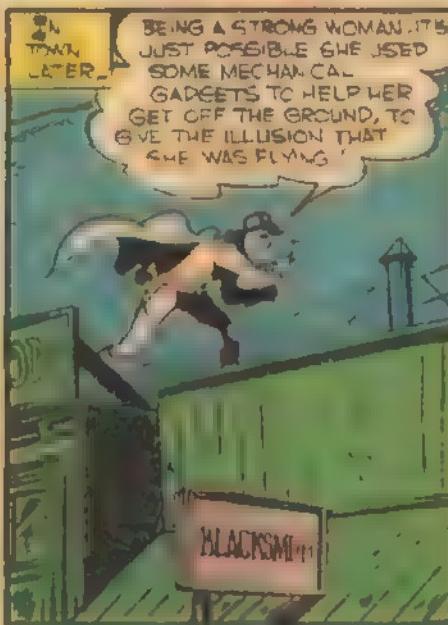


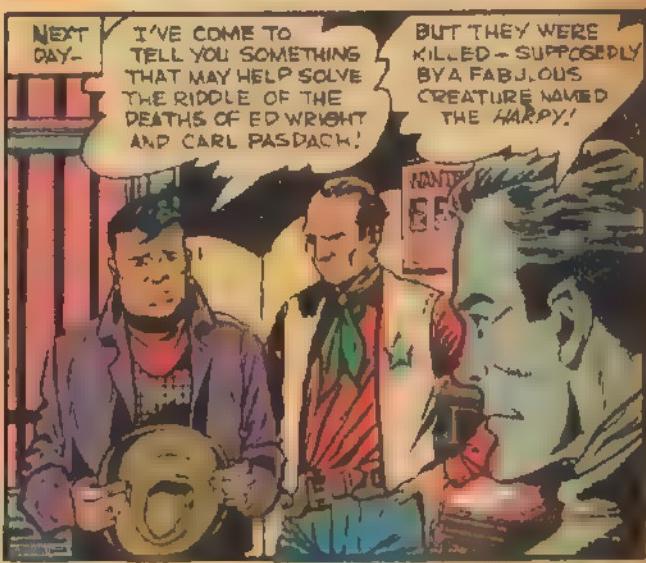
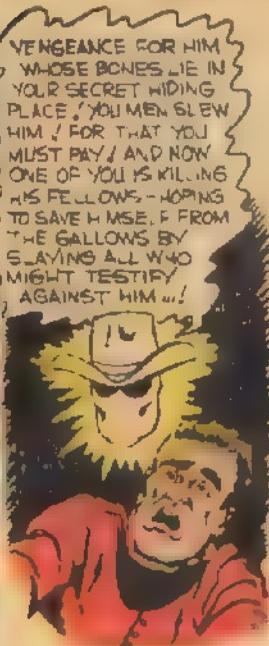
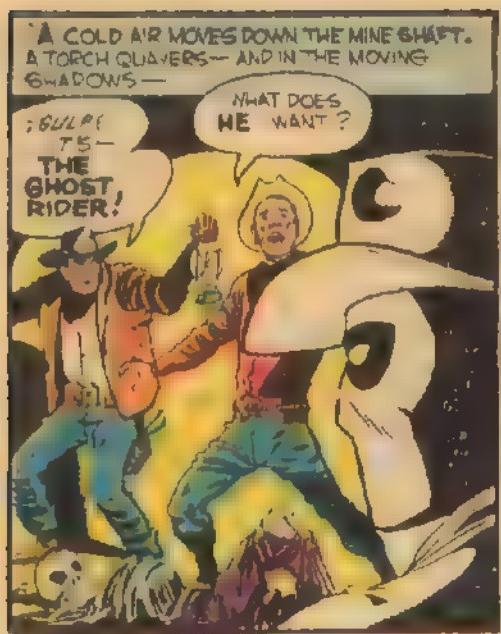
# TIM HOLT



MINUTES LATER HIS TURMOILING HEAD & EARS AND THE GHOST RIDER SWINGS UP ON SPECTRE ...

SHE GOT AWAY, BUT SHE WAS NO MYTHICAL THING! SHE WAS REAL, A WOMAN WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MAN!





THAT NIGHT, TWO FIGURES SLINK OUT OF THE  
MINE SHAFT, A SKELETON IN THEIR ARMS...

EASY DOES IT! DON'T LET ANYBODY SEE US!

WE'LL BURY THIS SKELETON OUT ON THE DESERT! THEN IF ANYBODY FINDS IT - THEY CAN NEVER CONNECT US WITH IT!

THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY AN ELDRECH SCREAM...

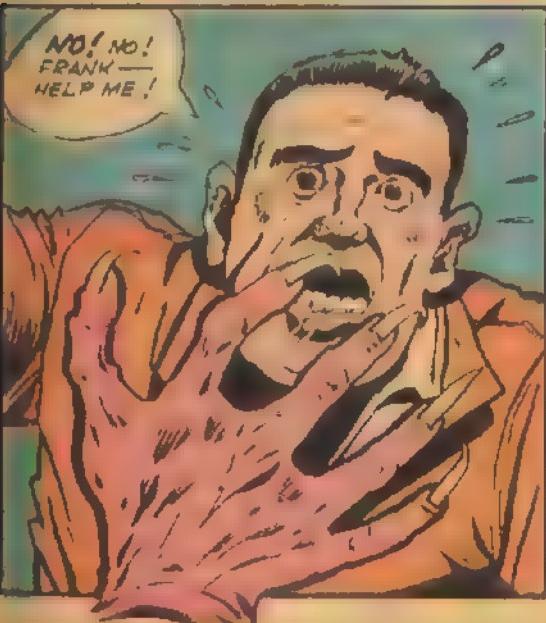


NO! NO!  
FRANK —  
HELP ME!

BUT TOM TISDALE'S SCREAM BRINGS HELP FROM  
ANOTHER SOURCE! THE GHOST RIDER LAUNCHES  
HIMSELF FORWARD —

I FIGURED YOU'D MAKE YOUR  
NEXT TRY HERE — TO CATCH  
THESE MEN WITH THE  
SKELETON!

YOU — KNOW—  
TOO MUCH!



SHRIKING, THE HARPY LUNGES FORWARD, ITS  
METAL CLAWS DRIVING FOR THE GHOST RIDER'S EYES —



BALL AND FORTH THE GRIM FIGURES REEL,  
LOCKED TIGHT IN MORTAL COMBAT —

I DON'T WANT TO  
HURT YOU! YOU ARE  
A MURDERER — BUT  
YOU ARE ALSO A  
HUMAN!



# TIM HOLT

I THOUGHT SO! THAT CLAW IS FITTED TO A LEATHER GLOVE THAT SLIPS ON OVER THE HAND AND WRIST!



NOW FOR THE MASK ITSELF!

NO! NO! YOU SHAN'T!  
I WON'T LET —  
OHUUH!



BEHOLD HER, GENTLEMEN!  
BELLE MARTIN — DAUGHTER OF  
WILL MARTIN, THE MAN YOU  
MURDERED! SHE IS THE HAPPY  
WHO ATTACKED YOU, SEEKING  
REVENGE!



SHE WAS AN AERIALIST IN A CIRCUS, THAT DEVELOPED HER STRENGTH AND HER AGILITY ON THE HIGH WIRES! IT WAS SIMPLE FOR SUCH AN ATHLETIC WOMAN TO PRETEND TO FLY ON THOSE WIRES SHE RIGGED UP! WITH YOUR DEATHS, SHE COULD STEP IN, CLAIM THE MINE AND BECOME RICH! SHE WORKED WITH ELKELLES, WHO BROUGHT HER OUT HERE, WHEN HE CAME TO ME TO CONFESS SHE SLEW HIM WITH A POISONED NEEDLE!

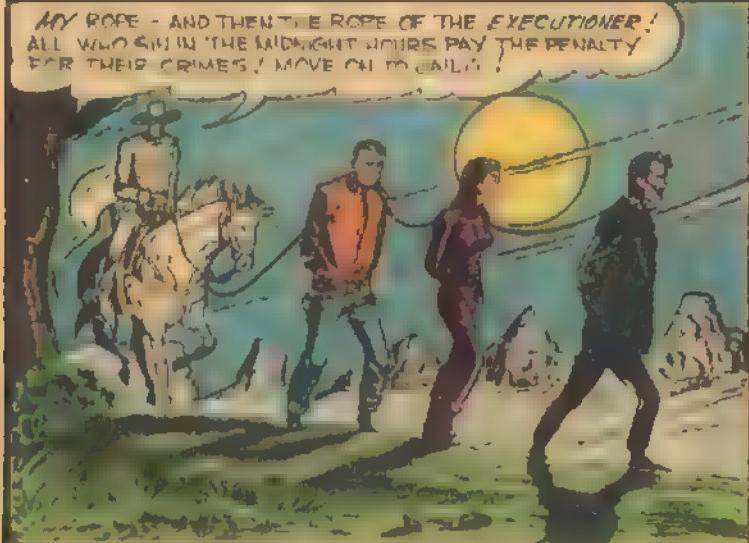


NO USE TO FLEE!  
YOU ARE AS GUILTY AS SHE!

NO!  
RUN!



MY ROPE — AND THEN THE ROPE OF THE EXECUTIONER!  
ALL WHO SIN IN THE MIDNIGHT HOURS PAY THE PENALTY  
FOR THEIR CRIMES! MOVE ON TO DAWN!



AWAY, SPECTRE —  
THE DAY IS APPROACHES!





# OUTLAW HANDS

**H**E was a lean man, with the mark of the sun burned into the brown flesh of his face. He sat on the high rock with the patience of an Indian, watching the diamond-stack railroad engine chug and pull its way along the gleaming rails of the Union Pacific, up the rising slopes of Saddlehorn Hill. There was over fifty thousand dollars in crisp new bills in the Wells-Fargo box that rattled and jounced on the worn floorboards of the baggage car.

"By tomorrow night, that fifty thousand will be in my pocket," the man said.

He dropped the cigarette that was almost burning him thin up. He rose from his perch and stepped on it with the sole of a worn boot. His spur made a merriment jingle.

Fifty thousand dollars! It made a nice sound on the lips and it brought fine ideas to the mind that thought about the greenbacks. In neat stacks they would be within the Wells-Fargo box.

"They'll carry it like that, from the railroad station to the bank," he whispered, watching a thin plume of smoke from the railroad engine drift away on a wind eddy. "That's when I'll step into the picture—after it gets to the bank."

The weight of his big Colt Peacemaker reminded him.—

His hands brushed down white and supple in the dusk's soft light. They lined the gun carefully, flanking the long barrels. Then an iron hand tips them.

"Just as fast as I ever can, but I got to keep in practice. A man can't let himself forget one single thing when he rides the long trail. The law always looking to catch a man in a mistake. But if a man is a star and don't make a mistake—the law will never get him."

That was the doctrine that Turk Madden lived by, here in the rocky desolation of the badlands. It had seen him from one cow town to another, living by his wits and daring, by the speed of his hands as they cleared leather holsters with drawn revolvers. He planned each move when he left for a robbery. He looked over the ground. He made a careful study of the men involved. When he was sure he had calculated every risk too keenly, he struck.

Turk chuckled as he drew on the tight leather gloves that protected his hands from the bite of

iron and the scratches of cactus thorns. He was proud of his hands. They were a necessary part of his work. It was their speed with the guns that had saved his life on more than one occasion. Every three months he threw away his gloves and bought new ones. He took no chances.

"My hands and my horse," he said, and walked down the rocky slope toward the big grey stallion that was cropping at a few sparse tufts of bunch grass.

He put a boot into the stirrup and swung up into the big Pueblo saddle. The grey shook his head as the man settled his weight, and at the touch of a toe, cantered off into the setting sun.

Like so many other western towns that had sprung upon the rim of the Western Trail taking its growth from the steady stream of Texas longhorns that swung northward from the Llanos Estacados every year, Saddlemore Gulch lived mostly at night. The kerouene lamps, the swinging doors, the noisy pianos in saloons like the Ocean Lad, and the Federal Queen highlighted the bustling crowds that moved and moved from old lake of campfire before the saloons to the trail.

Turk Madden mingled with the crowd. He liked the life moving in the people, rubbing shoulders in the close night air. At certain times alone so much, he thought often, as he ruled a pair of revolvers into the National Bar. He liked not listening to voices and laughter. He rarely drank. It was dangerous for a man who lived on the rim of society.

"Care for a little game?" a voice asked at his elbow.

Madden shook his head, automatically turning. A little thrill ran through him. It was Sheriff Parker smiling up at him—the sheriff of this town that he was going to rob some time after sunup tomorrow.

Madden said, "Sorry. I'm about broke. Got to go back to the ranch tomorrow to save up for another vacation in months from now!"

The sheriff nodded understandingly. "It's just a friendly game. Penny ante. Me and my friends usually play together, but one of them expects a few to raise, and can't be here."

Madden scratched at his chin thoughtfully.

Might be a good idea to join in, nurse this badge-wearer into getting friendly, and then pump him! He let a smile twist his lips into a good-natured grin.

"Well, now. Maybe I might sit in at that, if it's just pennyanie. Can't afford to lose much, but it sure would help pass the time."

The sheriff was delighted, and said so. He went on: "Me and the boys don't like to play four-handed. Five is better. Your settin' in makes it just right. What ranch you drawin' your pay from?"

Madden told him, hardly thinking, accepting his cards. It was an old story to him. He had made it up years ago, and it was second nature to him to repeat it. He told it so well, he knew it was convincing. He said, "Pigginup in the Little Brother country. Bronc-buster. Do a little bull-doggin' at the rodeos when they hit up our way. Every few months I get a hankerin' for new faces. Then I collect my back pay and light out. Never saw nothin' I like better than the Little Brother benchland, though, so I always go back."

A player tossed in some chips, and the game was on. The sheriff took the puzzled frown off his face, and turned his mind to the game. No man spoke now, for though they played for small stakes, the game itself drew and held them. Turk Madden kept the smile on his lips, but now his smile was honest. He was enjoying himself.

Again and again he slid his hand out to rake in chips. Luck was riding with him — luck that he sincerely hoped would ride with him again tomorrow. He jested back at the players as they joshed him about a stranger's luck. He laughed when they laughed and he treated to drinks when it was his turn.

Once the sheriff said, "You know Abe Carruthers up in the Little Brother country?"

Turk chuckled. He had made it his business to learn about that land below the Sweetwater River. He rode through it every summer, making friends. He said confidently, "Passed the time of day with Abe about four months ago. Learned his daughter was havin' a baby."

The sheriff nodded, and relaxed. "Heard about that, myself."

Turk Madden thought, if he was trying to check up on my story of being in the Little Brother country he's got his answer now! An hour after midnight Turk got to his feet and stretched.

"I'm three dollar, and some cents to the good," he said. "If nobody objects I'll be turnin' in. I got me a long ride tomorrow, northward."

The sheriff tossed in his cards.

"Deal us all out, Jim. Reckon we've had our fun. I have to hit the sack myself. I got a busy day up in the Salinas hills lookin' for that rustler, that's been bothering the Kayne's herd stock."

Turk kept his poker face fixed rigid on his features. Good! The sheriff will be out of town tomorrow. That makes it all the easier!

He felt so good he allowed himself two jugs

glasses of red-eye for a nightcap, instead of the usual one.

The sunlight shining in his eyes woke Turk Madden next morning. He stretched lazily, put his hands behind his head, and chuckled.

"I got it all set. I even made friends with the sheriff last night. Folks know me. They won't suspect nothin' when I go into the bank, soon as its doors open this morning!"

"One minute to subdue the cashier. Half a minute to lift the neat little bundles that would be waiting for the day's business. Reset the spring lock, and close the door behind him. Gallop out of town, with fifty thousand dollars in his pockets! By the time somebody woke to the fact that the bank was late in opening — the relocked door would fool them for a little while — he would be a mile out of town, and going fast. The gray stallion was fully rested, and ready to run."

"It's a cinch," he said, and bounded out of bed.

He ate breakfast in Mrs. Murphy's restaurant, with a window-table that allowed him to keep his eyes on the bank door. He had sat here for the last five mornings, timing the cashier, timing his waitress. He knew that no one paid the slightest bit of attention to him.

He had even made friends, in a fashion, with the cashier, going there immediately after breakfast every morning to cash a five dollar bill into smaller denominations. He lit a cigarette and one moment after the cashier unlocked and opened the door, he was crossing the street swiftly, with long strides.

The cashier had not even time to lift the green haze shades that veiled the bank from the sunlight and from the eyes of passersby, when Turk slid into the building.

His hand went down and brought out his gun — "Hold it!"

He knew that voice. Only a few short hours ago, he had heard it laugh and speak and even sweat in a good-natured manner. Now Turk Madden froze rigid, with his Colt half in and half out of his holster.

The sheriff moved forward, gun in hand. He held out a reward dodge. Turk's eyes met his. It was a poor likeness of him on the paper, but it was his picture.

"Almost fooled me, son," said the sheriff, squinting up. "You only made one mistake. About that Little Brother country, now —"

Turk said bitterly, "Don't tell me I've never been there! I have! I know Abe Carruthers, too!"

The sheriff nodded. "Could be. Probably is the truth. I'm talking about something else! You said you punched cows and bulldogged steers in that country. Boy, you never did any work like that in your life! Your hands are as white and as well cared for as a woman's! That lie made me suspicious. I hunted all night, found this dodge, and hid here, until you made your play. Now, let's get moving — to jail!" THE END

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

WITH ONLY THREE BULLETS LEFT, AND A SCORE OF PAINTER HOWLING APACHES GALLOPING FULL TILT AT THEM, TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARD CHITO KNOW THAT ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES IN-

"The FIGHT at the WATER HOLE!"



WATER IS NURSE PRECIOUS  
MAN GOLD IN THE ARID WASTE-  
LANDS OF THE SOUTHWEST  
SETAPOF FRON DEEP SPRINGS  
ANT NOT ONCE RAINS SOME-  
TUE E A STORM TARA-



HERE COME THE LITTLE DESERT  
ANIMALS TO DRINK THEIR FEE...



HERE TOO COME MEN AND WHERE  
MEN COME THERE COMES—  
DEATH...



# TIM HOLT

TRAVELLING ACROSS THE DESERT ON THEIR WAY HOME TO THE T-BAR-H RANCH, TIM AND CHITO STOCK UP ON NEEDED SUPPLIES



GOOD DEAL! WE'LL TAKE ALL OF IT WE CAN SAVE US A TRIP COME FALL! NOW LET'S GET MOVING! WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME



THE DAYS ARE HOT ON THE DESERT. THIRST IS LIKE A SPONGE WORKING IN A MAN'S THROAT, DRYING IT



SIGHT OF THE WATERHOLE BRINGS A HARD ANXIOUS CRY TO A MAN'S LIPS —



THERE ARE OTHER EYES THAT STUDY THE TRAILA — HARD BLACK EYES IN A GRAY RED FACE



DEATH TO THE PINDAM-LIKOTEES!

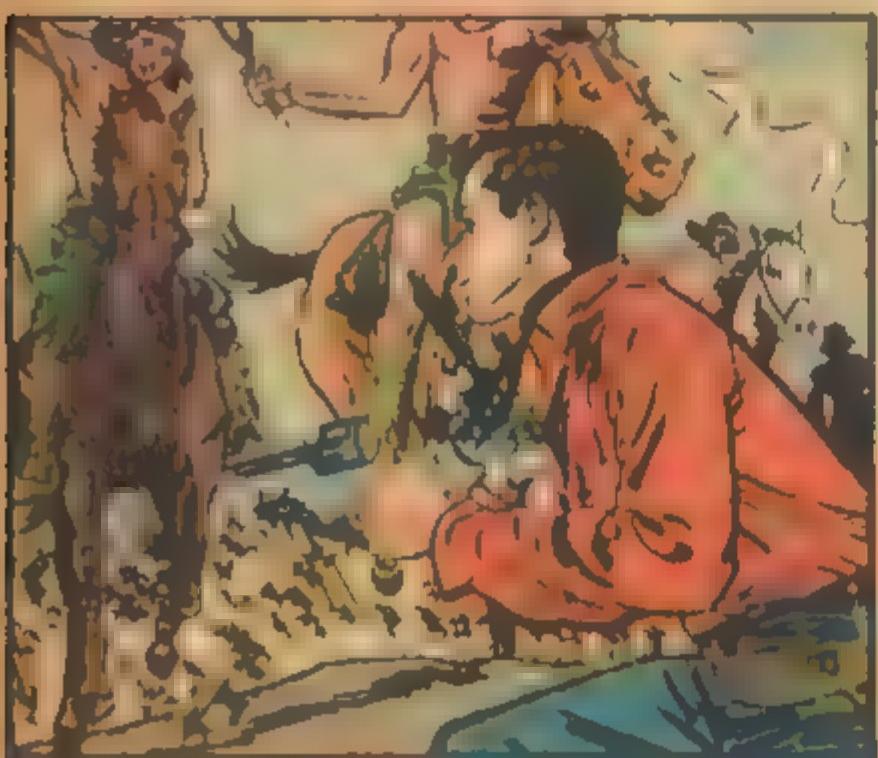


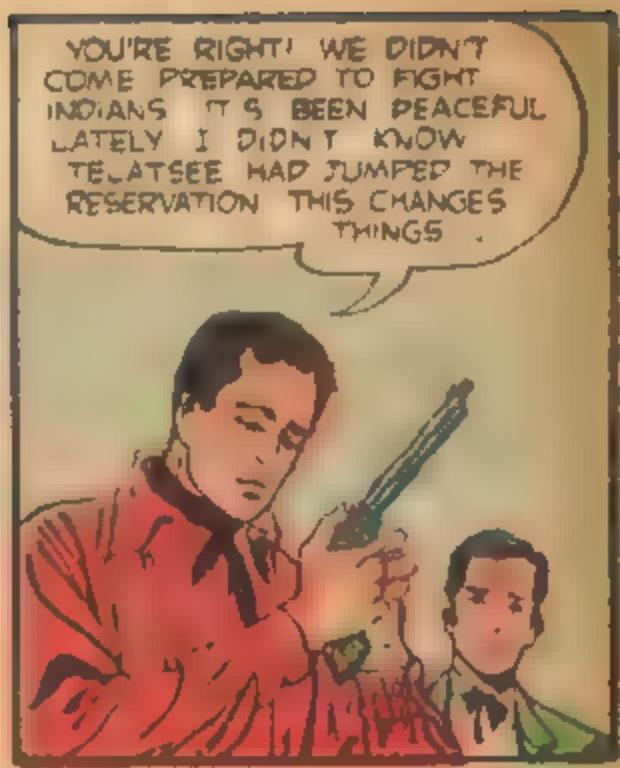
ON YOUR FEET, CHITO — APACHES!



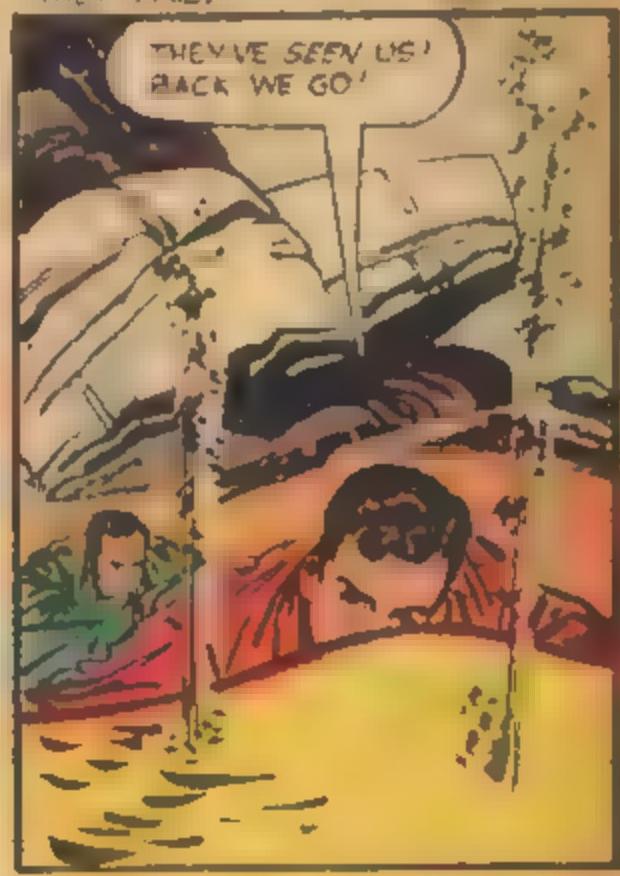
TWO MEN STAND ALONE  
BEFORE THE GALLOPING  
FURY! TWO MEN FACE  
DEATH BY BULLET, DEATH  
BY ARROW, DEATH BY  
SPEAR

MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT,  
CHITO — WE'RE OUTNUMBERED  
TEN TO ONE!

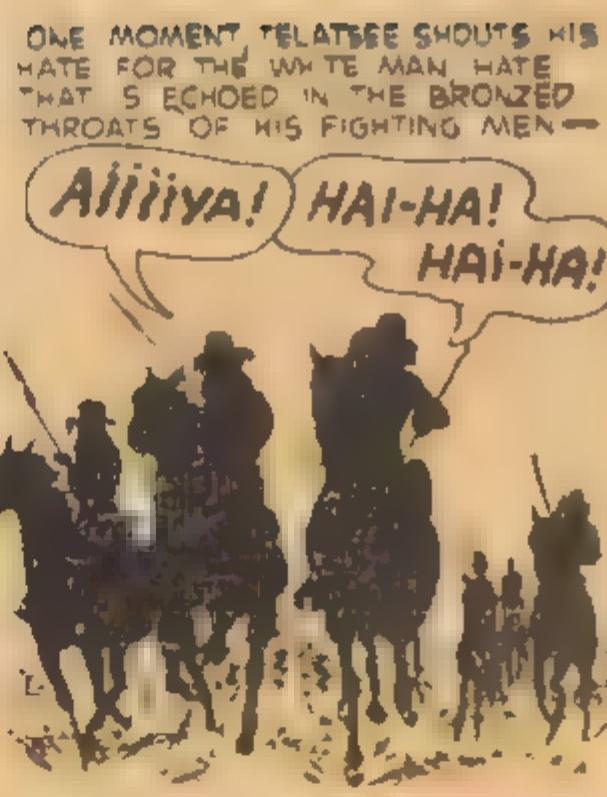




A SHRILL YELPING WAR WHOOP SENDS THEM SCURRYING BACK TO THE TINAJA ROCKS, WITH ARROWS SCRATCHING STONE AT THEIR HEELS.



# TIM HOLT



THE WATERHOLE NEVER CHANGES. SOMETIMES THE ANIMALS COME TO DRINK. SOMETIMES MEN COME AND WHEN MEN COME TO SWIM THE COOL, OLD, WITH THEM COMES DEATH!



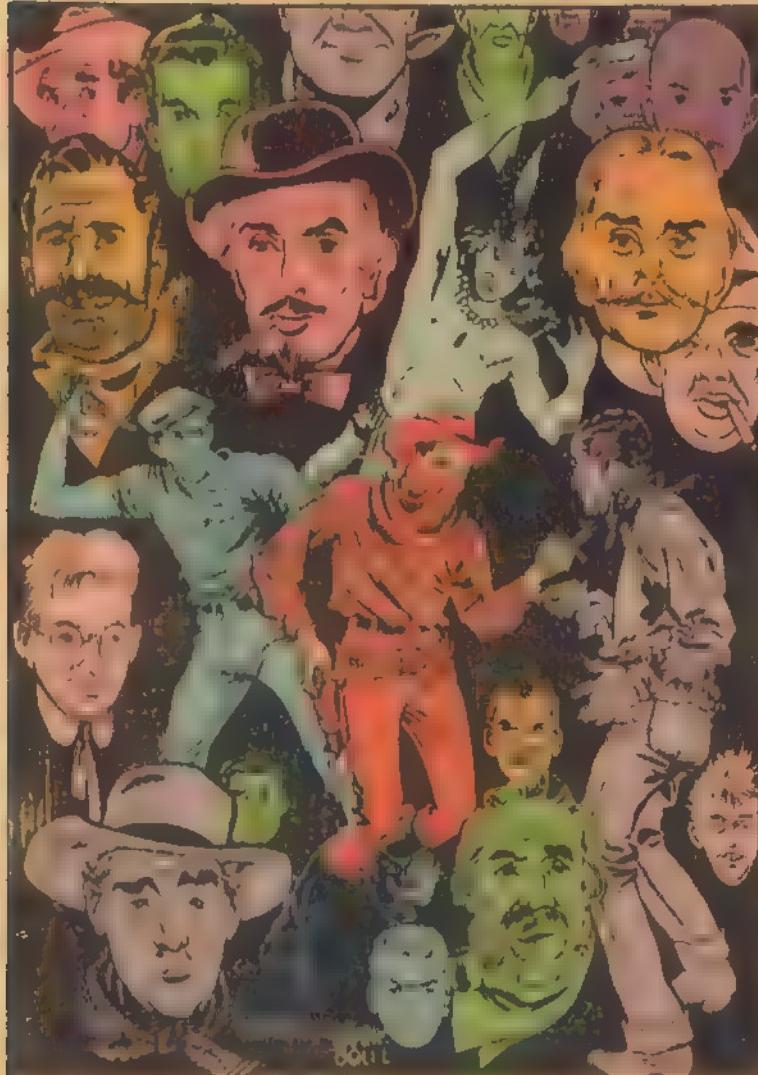
TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

HE WAS THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMINAL IN ALL EUROPE! HIS WAS THE GIFT OF GENIUS WITH MAKEUP GREASE AND PAINT, HIS NIMBLE FINGERS COULD ALTER HIS APPEARANCE WITH SUCH DEFTNESS THAT NO MAN WOULD EVER SEE HIM THE SAME!

AND WITH THE FRENCH POLICE THE SURETE, HOT ON HIS TRAIL, THIS CRIMINAL GENIUS, ANTON LEMAIRE, FLEES TO AMERICA — THE AMERICA OF THE EARLY WEST—WHERE WAITING IN THE TOWN OF BULLET IS REDMASK, DESTINED TO MATCH WITS, GUN-PLAY AND KNIFE-THROWING WITH—

**"THE MAN OF 1,000 FACES!"**



PALS ON A WINDSWEPT NIGHT WITH RAIN SQUALLING IN GUSTS ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES! A MAN RUNNING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS HIS LIFE DEPENDING ON HIS SPEED...



AS HE RUNS THIS MAN WORKS AT HIS FACE RIPPLING AWAY A SLUB OF WAX HERE, A BIT OF PAINT THERE



THAT DEVILISH DETECTIVE CALVERT, IS TOO SMART! I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO THE CROWDS TO ESCAPE HIM AND ONCE AGAIN CHANGE MY DOLLFACE

# TIM HOLT

THE PARIS SEWERS - FILTHY, SLIMY,  
DARK - ECHOING TO THE FAINT SLAP-  
SLAP OF RACING FEET



AND LATER - FRESH AIR IN A  
MAN'S LUNGS, AND THE SIGHT  
OF SAILS FLAPPING IN A LAZY  
BREEZE .

A SHIP - READY  
TO LET ANCHOR! WHO CARES  
WHERE SHE'S GOING - AS LONG  
AS SHE'LL CARRY ME?



NEXT MORNING.

IT IS HIS PRINT  
- THE FINGERPRINTS  
OF LEMAIRE, THE MAN  
OF A THOUSAND  
FACES HE WAS HERE,  
THEN, ON THE  
WATERFRONT!

HE MAY  
HAVE  
STOWED  
ABOARD  
THE BRIG  
NANCY LEE,  
BOUND FOR  
AMERICA, M'SIEU  
BERTILLON?

PERHAPS THIS WAS ALPHONSE BERTILLON WHO INVENTED THE CRIME-FIGHTING TECHNIQUE OF FINGERPRINTS

YOU MUST FOLLOW HIM, M'SIEU CALVERT.  
HE IS TOO DANGEROUS A CRIMINAL TO  
LIVE! HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY  
FOR HIS CRIMES!

AT ONCE M'SIEU!



FROM GALVESTON TO DALLAS, THEN WESTWARD TO TAOS,  
AND ON TOWARD CALIFORNIA. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE  
WAY, ANTON LEMAIRE SEES HIS FIRST REDSKIN, AND  
MOMENTS LATER -

AS AN INDIAN, I CAN

GO ANYWHERE...UNNOTICED! I SHALL  
TAKE THE NAME OF EAGLE FEATHER!



A STEADY WIND WHIPS WESTWARD. THE BRIG NANCY LEE MAKES GOOD TIME AS SHE ROUNDS THE FLORIDA KEYS AND HEADS WESTWARD TOWARD GALVESTON.

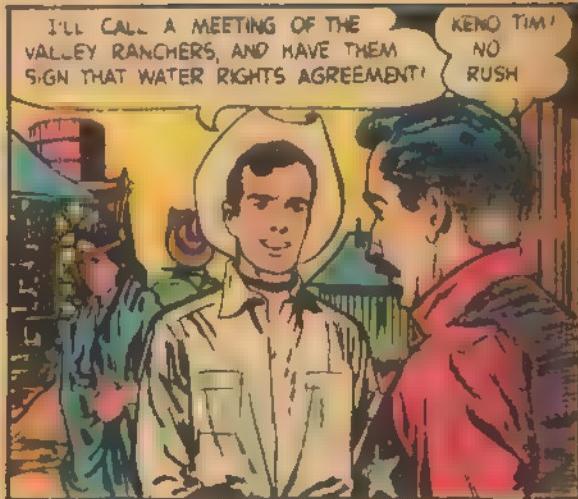
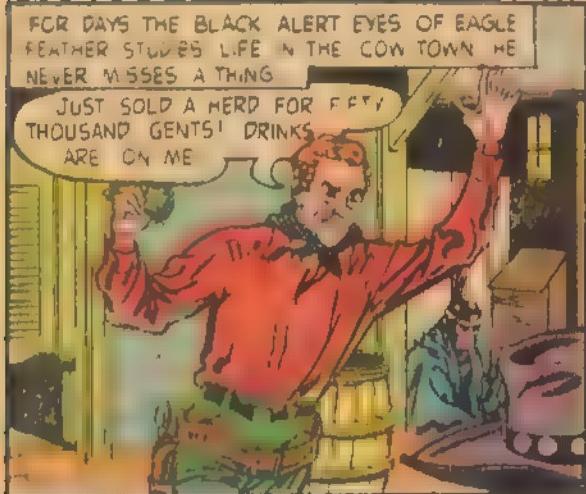


ONE DAY, EAGLE FEATHER ENTERS BULLET

I THINK WE'RE TAKING A VACATION, T.M.  
THEEING EES TOO QUIET AROUND HERE



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER—

I HEAR A SHOT,  
JIM! YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

LIKE A FOOL I  
ACCIDENTALLY PULLED  
THE TRIGGER OF A LOADED  
RIFLE WHEN I WAS CLEAN-  
ING IT BUT I'M ALL RIGHT



I'LL CART HIM OUT ON  
THE RANGE AND BURY  
HIM THEN I AM SAFE  
IN THE DISGUISE NO  
ONE WILL EVER KNOW  
I AM NOT THE REAL  
TIM SPENCER



AT THE T-R-A-H RANCH, SOME  
MORNINGS LATER

LETTER FROM SURETE THE FRENCH  
POLICE FORCE A WANTED KILLER  
AND ROBBER NAMED LEMARE HAS  
FLED TO THE  
UNITED STATES

WHAT A  
JOKE! DO  
THEY THINK HE  
WILL BE COMING  
TO BULLET? HA HA!

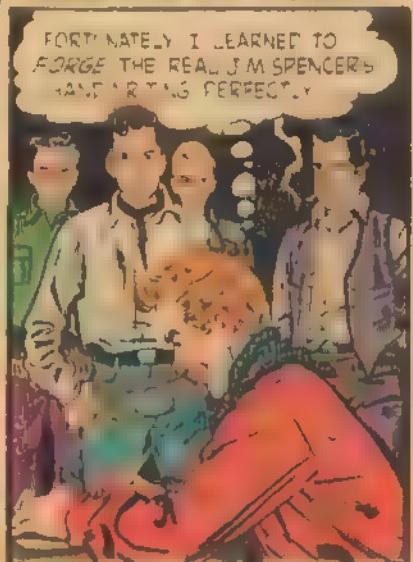


JUST THE SAME WE'LL  
KEEP OUR EYES PEELLED RIGHT  
NOW. WE'LL BETTER SAYING  
OVER TO THAT WATER RIGHTS  
MEETING OF ALL THE  
RANCHERS.

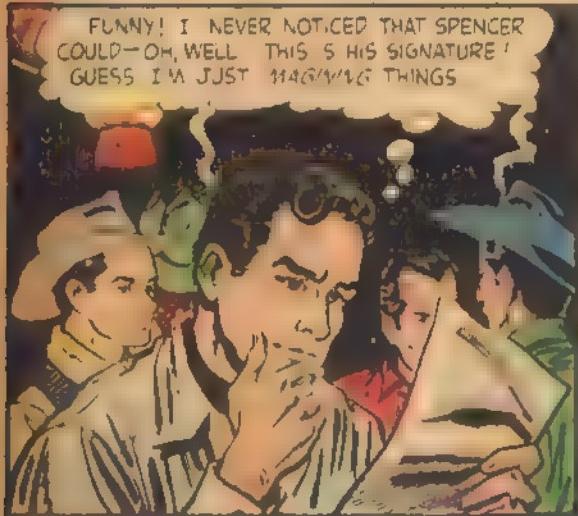


AT THE RANCHERS' MEETING, THE  
MAN OF 200 CALIBER SAYS HIS  
ASSUMED NAME WITH A FLOURISH

FORTUNATELY I LEARNED TO  
FORGE THE REAL J.M. SPENCER'S  
NAME WRITING PERFECTLY.



FUNNY! I NEVER NOTICED THAT SPENCER  
COULD—OH, WELL, THIS IS HIS SIGNATURE!  
GUESS I'M JUST MAGINING THINGS



BUT AS TIM TURNS SIDEWAYS, HE BUMPS INTO THE  
FALSE J.M. SPENCER, AND THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR.

OOPS—SORRY

I WAS THE  
CLUMSY ONE!



SOMEWHAT LATER . . .

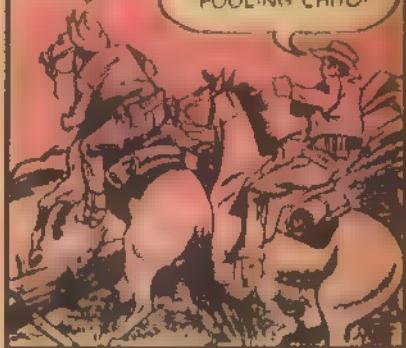
WELL, WHAT ARE  
YOU GRINNING AT?

YOU ARE ALWAYS SCOLDING ME  
FOR GOING AROUND WITH THE  
GIRLS! NOW YOU GO AROUND  
WEETH THEM, EH?



GO AROUND  
WITH GIRLS?  
ARE YOU  
LOCO?

WHY YOU GETTING  
ROUGE ON  
YOUR SHIRT,  
THEN? AHA!  
YOU CANNOT  
FOOLING CHITO!



ROUGE? HMM... I WASN'T  
OUT WITH ANY GIRL— AND THE  
ONLY CONTACT I HAD WITH ANY-  
ONE WAS WHEN J-M SPENCER AND  
I FELL TOGETHER! BUT HE  
DIDN'T HAVE ANY ROUGE ON'



SOME DAYS LATER A VISITOR RAHS ON THE DOOR OF THE  
T-BAR-H RANCH . . .

I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER, M'SIEU  
TELL ME OF YOUR SUSPICIONS!

TIM SPENCER IS RIGHT-  
HANDED, BUT HE WROTE  
WITH HIS LEFT HAND! SOME  
DAYS AGO HE WROTE WITH  
HIS RIGHT HAND!



I FELL AGAINST HIM, AND GOT  
ROUGE ON MY SLEEVE. NO MAN  
WEARS ROUGE —EXCEPT AN  
ACTOR—OR A MAN WELL-VERSED  
IN MAKE-UP! IT MIGHT JUST  
BE THAT THIS SPENCER REALLY  
IS LEMAIRE!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE  
TOWN OF BULLET . . .

.CRATES  
FROM  
FRANCE?  
WE HAVE  
A STRANGER  
IN TOWN?

YESSIR, JIM!  
SOME DETECTIVE  
FROM THE  
SURETÉ!  
VISITIN'  
TIM HOLT,  
TRYING TO  
TRACK DOWN  
SOME FRENCH  
CRIMINAL!



SO? I THINK THIS FRENCH  
DETECTIVE WILL NOT LIVE  
VERY LONG!

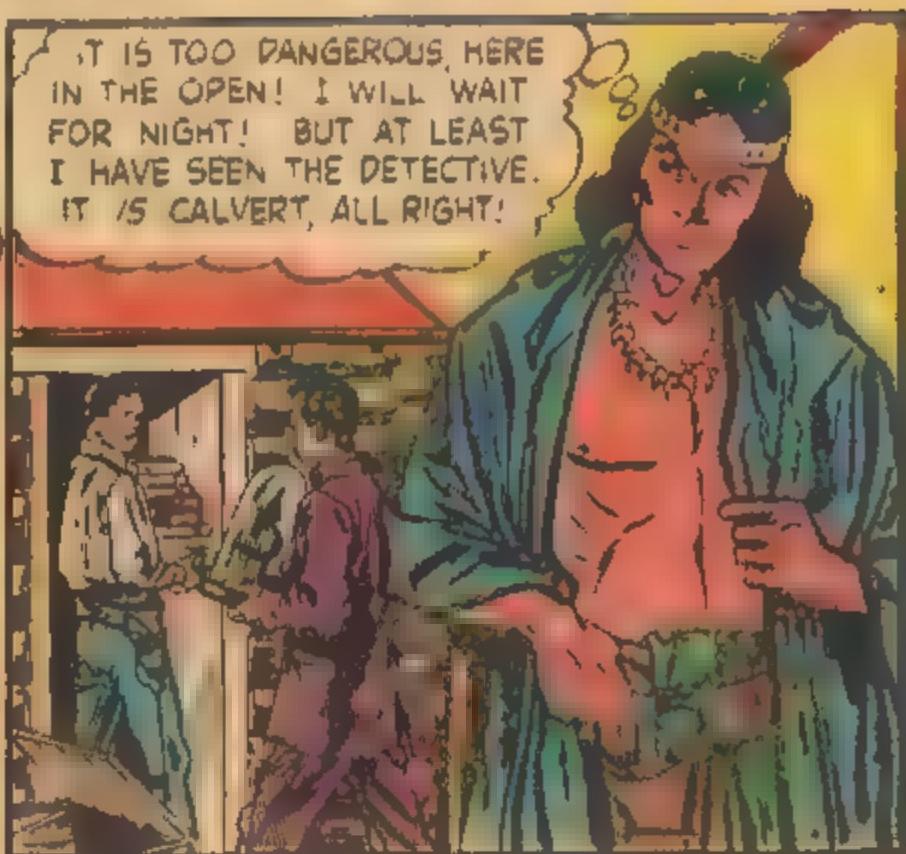


# TIM HOLT

IN THESE CRATES ARE MUCH DETECTIVE MATERIAL.  
M. S. U. HOLT - WITH BERTILLON DEVELOPING  
FINGERPRINTING, WITH HANS GROSS AND LOCARD  
FIGHTING CRIME WITH NEW TECHNIQUES - WE  
IMPROVE OUR ABILITY  
TO FIGHT CRIMINALS..

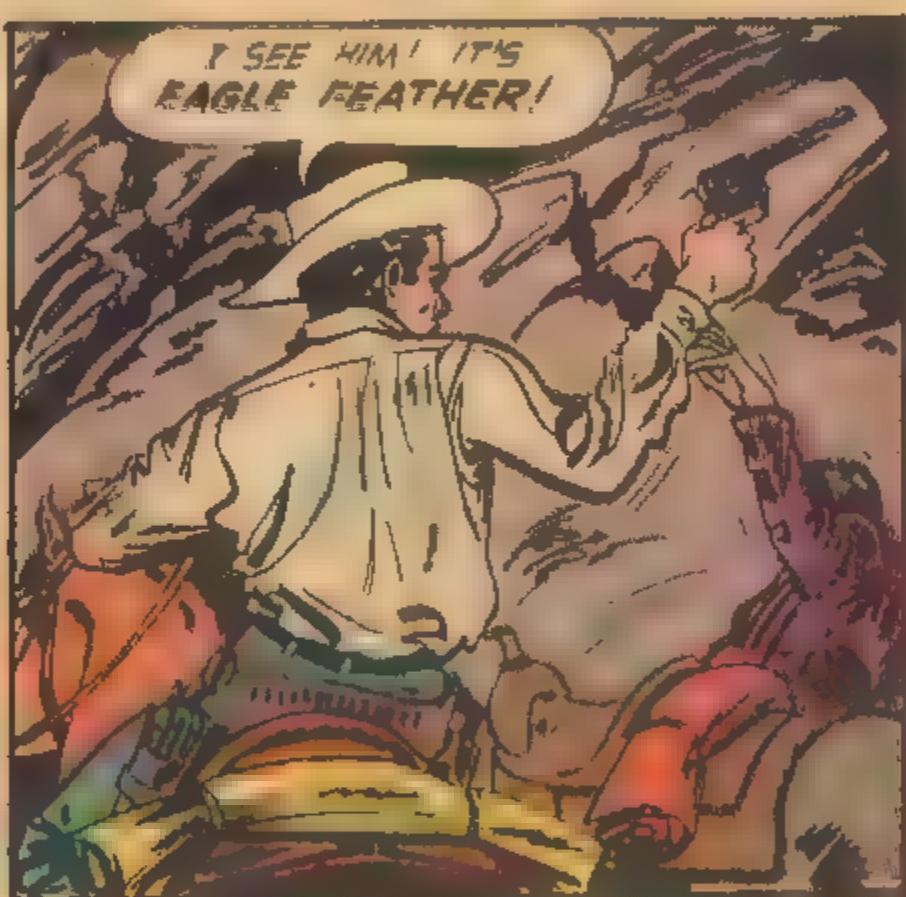
GO ON, CALVERT. THAT'S  
ONLY EAGLE FEATHER —  
HERE FOR A HANDOUT!

IT IS TOO DANGEROUS, HERE  
IN THE OPEN! I WILL WAIT  
FOR NIGHT! BUT AT LEAST  
I HAVE SEEN THE DETECTIVE.  
IT IS CALVERT, ALL RIGHT!



TWO NIGHTS LATER AS TIM AND PAUL CALVERT  
CANTER BACK FROM A MEETING WITH SHERIFF  
GAGE OF BULLET.

WE ARE READY  
TO STRIKE WE—UGGGH!



YOU DON'T GET AWAY JUST BY RUNNING,  
HOMBRE! I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL!



BUT THERE ARE PLACES IN THE ROCKS OF THE  
WESTERN BADLANDS WHERE A MAN ON FOOT MAY  
GO, AND A HORSE MAY NOT FOLLOW ..

WHILE HE DISMOUNTS,  
I MUST FIND A SHELTER  
OF SOME KIND — IN WHICH  
TO CHANGE INTO  
ANOTHER DISGUISE...



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER, THE MAN OF 1000 FACES EMERGES AS A PROSPECTOR TRUDGING ALONG IN THE SAND...



WITH BLACK POWDER, TIM SECURES THE PRINTS OF THE MAN WITH 1000 FACES...

THIS FINGERPRINTING IS SUCH A NEW SCIENCE, LEMAIRE WON'T BE ON HIS GUARD AGAINST IT.



AS THE HOUR OF MIDLIGHT NEARS, THE CRIMSON-CLAD FORM OF REDMASK RACES ALONG THE PRAIRIE LAND...

LEMAIRE KNOWS TIM HOLT IS AFTER HIM. HE WILL NOT BE SUSPICIOUS OF REDMASK!



RECKON I DID, FRIEND! HE WAS RUNNING WESTWARD LIKE TO BUST A GUT!

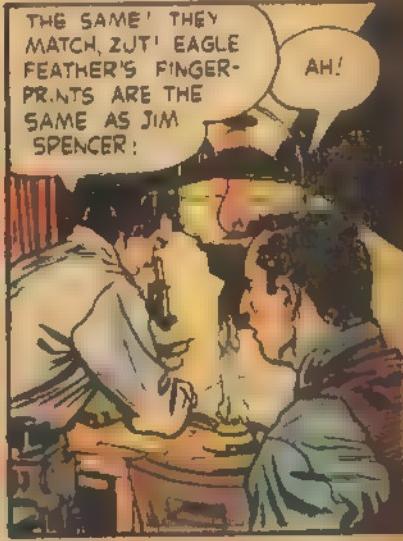
TAKE CARE OF... MY DWARF SERVANT, ZUT! USE MY BOJAS MICROSCOPE... FIGHT CRIME... GET LEMAIRE...!

I PROMISE!

NEXT EVENING IN THE SILVER STAR SALOON



HOURS LATER WORKING WITH BOOKS AND MICROSCOPE...



BUT AS REDMASK ENTERS THE YARD OF THE HATBOX RANCH—



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER...

FORGIVE MY DELAY. I WAS ASLEEP. THE OWNER, JAMES SPENCER, IS IN TOWN!

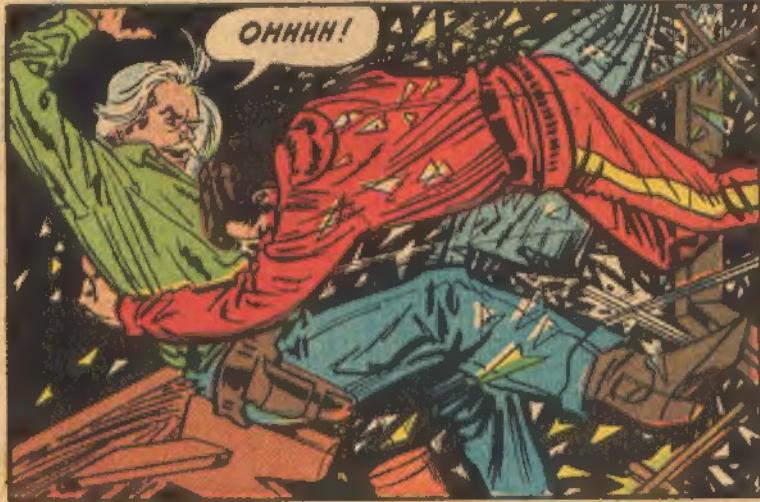


WHOEVER HE IS—  
WHATEVER HE WANTS—  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
I WILL BE SAFER WITH  
HIM — DEAD!



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW—

A GUNBARREL— SHINING  
IN THE MOONLIGHT! THAT  
OLD SERVANT WAS LEMAIRE  
HIMSELF!

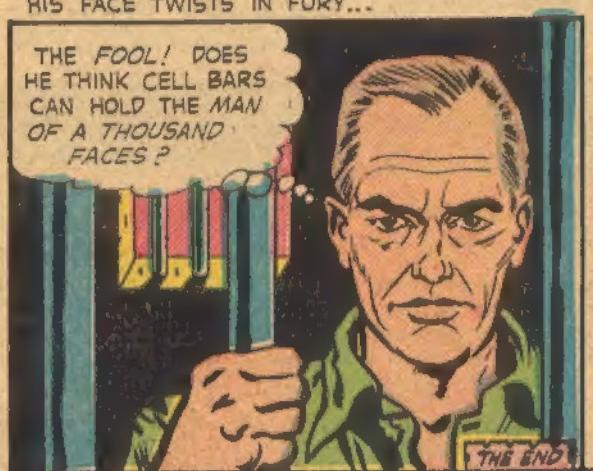


YOU'LL HANG FOR THE  
MURDERS OF JIM SPENCER  
AND PAUL CALVERT— AND  
NOBODY KNOWS HOW  
MANY OTHER POOR DEVILS!



BUT THERE IS NO FEAR IN THE HEART OF  
ANTON LEMAIRE! EVEN IN THE BULLET JAIL,  
HIS FACE TWISTS IN FURY...

THE FOOL! DOES  
HE THINK CELL BARS  
CAN HOLD THE MAN  
OF A THOUSAND  
FACES?



DO NOT FAIL  
TO GET  
YOUR COPY  
OF TIM  
HOLT  
MAGAZINE

-AND READ  
AGAIN OF THE  
FASCINATING  
VILLAIN, WHO  
CAN MAKE  
UP HIS  
FEATURES TO  
RESEMBLE  
ANYONE AT  
ALL—EVEN  
TIM HOLT  
HIMSELF!

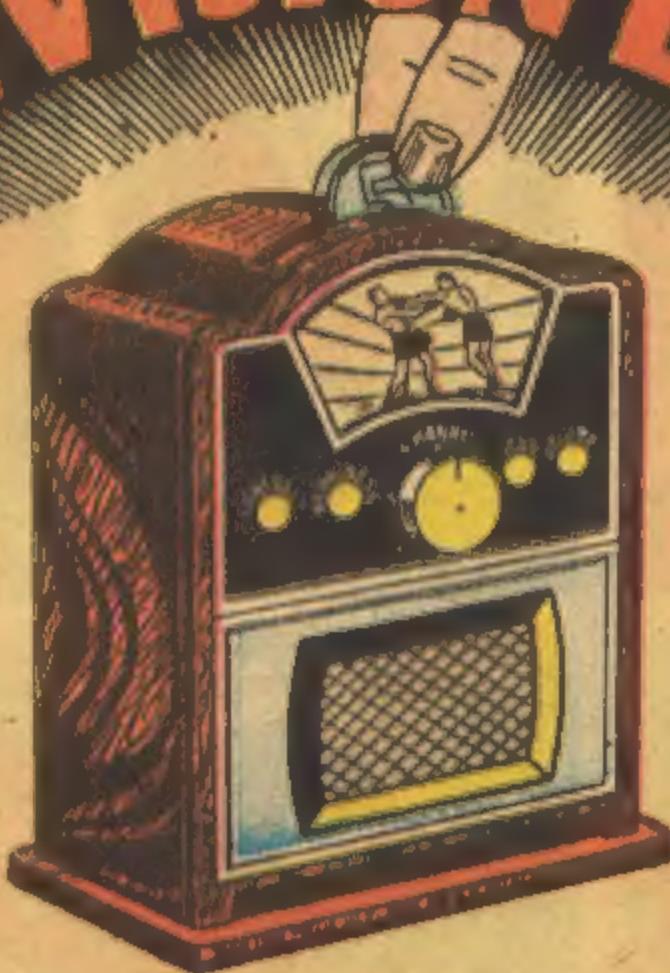
THE END

THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP! LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HAS EVERY TELEVISION SHOW . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



Nobody ever before set their excited eye on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COINS!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "cowie" shows (biggs and such) or want a dream dancer-fest or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, picture yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grilles and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank,  $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

...BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

## NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. ME-5, New York 2, N.Y.

SEAGEE CO., Dept. ME-5  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N.Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank to 3 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ *(Please Print Plainly)*

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.



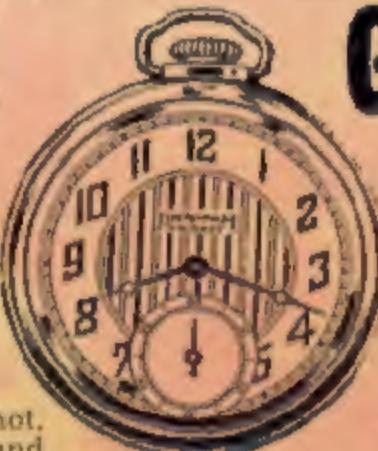
# GIVEN PREMIUMS

**BOYS - - GIRLS**

ACT NOW — TODAY

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, 22 Cal. Rifles, Baseballs and Bats, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Don't wait! Act today! Write or mail coupon to us immediately. **WILSON CHEM. CO.**, Dept. A-102, TYRONE, PA.

ACT NOW



# GIVEN CASH

**LADIES MEN**

ACT NOW



**BE FIRST - MAIL COUPON NOW**

OUR  
57th  
YEAR

We Are Reliable

# PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

ACT  
NOW

MAIL COUPON  
WE TRUST YOU

OUR  
57th  
YEAR  
BOYS  
GIRLS  
LADIES  
MEN



Movie Projectors with roll of film, Roller Skates (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles, Wagons (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold easily to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order, postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Act now! Be first! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO.**, Dept. B-102, TYRONE, PA.



BE  
FIRST

OUR  
57th  
YEAR



ACT NOW

# GIVEN

Electric Record Players, Radios, Complete Fishing Outfits, large size Ukuleles, lovely fully dressed Dolls over 13" in height (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first! Act Now! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO.**, Dept. C-102, TYRONE, PA.



BOYS  
GIRLS  
LADIES  
MEN

ACT  
NOW

WE TRUST YOU

OUR 57th YEAR

# MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. ME-102, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age .....

St. .... RD.... Box....

Town ..... Zone No.... State....

Print LAST Name Here |

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



BOYS  
GIRLS

Act  
Now



# GIVEN - GIVEN

Footballs, Complete Pencil Box Sets, 22 Cal. Rifles, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or valuable Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We are reliable. **WILSON CHEM. CO.**, Dept. D-102, TYRONE, PA.

LADIES  
MEN

Be  
First



# Uncle BERNIE'S FUN SHOP ORDER TODAY

at our LOW PRICES!



- IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GEM
- FAN SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
- DECORATES END TABLES, BOOK-CASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the bowl? Amazing! And mystery grows with this sensational new "secret" fish-bowl molded from clear double plastic with a translucent top loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our stated instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they drift and frolic through the loop. The perfect companion to any room. Decimates antebellum, bathhouse, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY, C.O.D., you pay postage.** Send with order, we pay postage!

**Hi! I'm GINGER!**  
the Doll whose HAIR  
YOU CAN WAVE!



TERRIFIC  
VALUE!

only  
**3.98**  
complete

BEST DOLL  
GARAGE SELLER

**SEND NO MONEY** C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order we pay postage.

A Real  
SLOT  
MACHINE



only  
**1.98**



Want thrills, excitement and adventure? Then get yourself the LITTLE BANDIT. This miniature slot machine operates like the regulation slot machine. Pull down the lever, the wheel spins and a publication drops up in colored colors. Armed thief at machine gives starting. Made of sturdy, colorful plastic. Non-electric operated. Full instructions and price suggestions are included.

## ACTION-PACKED BUCKING BRONCO! ACTUALLY ROCKS...BOUNCES NEIGHS!

- Rocks Over 2 Feet High!
- Made of Heavyweight Vinylite Plastic!



Here's a riding bronco that rocks, bounces and neighs at the command of his master! Kids can ride this buckin' bronco all over the room in their rooms—couches—and every time they lay off its back—the horse neighs automatically! Over 20 inches high and 12 inches long, this wonderful Hobby Horse is made of heavy-weight vinyl-coated Vinylite Plastic. There's a stick to mount.

SEND NO MONEY  
Remit with order, we  
pay postage. C.O.D.  
also welcome.

only  
**2.98**

## HAPPY THE COWBOY!

- HE'S OVER 17" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
- ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist in a play kingdom—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—utter your own words coming right out of HAPPY's mouth! See how real he looks—clipped up in a feather hat, transplanted plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! SEND NO MONEY. C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.

only  
**2.98**



**NOVELTY MART, Dept. ME-2**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Specimen Please send me the following  
Enclosed Remit:  Check or M.O.  C.O.D. plus postage.

- FISH-BOWL... \$2.98  
 Ginger ..... \$3.98

- Slot Machine ... \$1.98  
 Bucking Bronco \$2.98

- HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_